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BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER

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Oh Let me Sing To-Night, Mother.

From the Albany Argus.
We give below the words of a charming song, which has been put to music by Mr. Traver, of this city, and which has become a great favorite. The song is so well adapted to music and melody, that the words cling to the memory without effort.
Oh, let me sing to-night, Mother,
That song I used to sing,
When hope was bright, and my heart was light
As a bird upon the wing!
I know that I miss the voice, mother,
That warbled with the strain,
But let me sing to-night, mother,
The dear old song again,
But let me sing to-night, mother,
The dear old song again,
I know 'twill bring sad thoughts, mother,
That tears may fall like rain,
For a loving eye may see again
Then we may see again,
But I'd have them read each tear, mother,
Back to its secret cell,
And let me sing to-night, mother,
The dear old song again,
And let me sing to-night, mother,
The dear old song again,
It will bring bright dreams to my heart, mother,
Bright dreams of the joyous past,
When hope, all rainbow-hued, mother,
Her field around me cast,
I know the light grows dim, mother,
But still I fondly cling,
To the bright dreams that come back, mother,
With the song I used to sing,
To the bright dreams that come back, mother,
With the song I used to sing,
As I sing the song of joy, mother,
Faith upward lifts its eye,
Towards the land of rest, mother,
Where hope can never die,
Where the tears are dried, mother,
Say never the tears are dried,
Where the tears are dried, mother,
May never know sorrow again,
Where tears are dried, and the heart, mother,
May never know sorrow again,
Then let me sing to-night, mother,
The dear old song again,
And pray when sleep at last, mother,
By her side all silent and cold,
Our spirits may meet near to part, mother,
Where Heaven's music shall ring,
And our voices be mingled there, mother,
In the songs the angels sing,
And our voices be mingled there, mother,
In the songs the angels sing.

I never leave my Husband Wait.

How much of moment is conveyed in these words. "I never keep my husband waiting." How much of life is lost by the lost minutes; how much of happiness by not being ready to enjoy it; how much of prosperity by being five minutes too late.
We heard these words uttered by a lady whose decision of character, whose readiness for duty, whose prompt presence of mind, gave us an assurance that whatever she might be of adverse fortune in her husband's future life, he could always rely upon the helpmate God had given him! There was an energy in her tone of voice, a fire in her look, that told she knew a wife's duty and would perform it. We shall not soon forget that event; we shall bear in mind the future of that couple, and we venture to say that darkness nor despair can ever drive happiness from that home, so long as that God-spirit reigns there; for it was the voice of a true woman's heart that spoke, and that was a God-spirit.
If every wife could but thus speak, and act, how rapidly would the world advance. How many husbands have been ruined by waiting, precious moments of time, in the life of a business man; and the never ready wife has, step by step, broken down the characteristic promptitude of many a husband, and with it his business energies, until ruin comes upon his business, and wretchedness enters his home.
Would wives wish peace of mind and blessings at home, flowing from the prosperity of the husband, let their constant aim be, to be able to say, "I never kept my husband waiting."

A Low Voice in Woman.

Yes, we agree with that old poet who said that a low, soft voice was an excellent thing in woman. Indeed we feel inclined to go much further than he has on the subject, and call it one of her crowning charms. No matter what other attractions she may have; she may be as fair as the Trojan Helen, and as slender as the famous Hypatia of ancient times; she may have all the accomplishments considered requisite at the present day, and every advantage that wealth can procure, and yet, if she lack a low sweet voice, she can never be really fascinating.
How often the spell of beauty is rudely broken by coarse, loud talking! How often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain, unassuming woman, whose soft silvery tones render her positively attractive. Besides, we fancy we can judge of the character by the voice; the bland, smooth, fawning tone seems to us to betoken deceit and hypocrisy as invariably as the musical subdued voice indicates genuine refinement.
In the social circle, how pleasant it is to hear woman talk in that low key which always characterizes the true lady! In the sanctuary of home, how such a voice soothes the fretful child and cheers the weary husband! How sweetly its cadences float through the sick chamber; and around the dying bed, with what solemn melody do they breathe a prayer for the departing soul! Ah, yes, a low, soft voice is certainly "an excellent thing in woman."

Profound Ignorance makes a man dogmatic.

He who knows nothing thinks he can teach others what he has just now learned himself; while one who knows a great deal can scarce imagine any one cannot be acquainted with what he says, and speaks for this reason with more diffidence.
"When I go to a theatre I am very careless of my dress, as the audience are too attentive to the play to observe my wardrobe; but when I go to church I am very particular in my outward appearance, as most people go there to see how their neighbors dress and deport themselves." A pretty home drama—wonder how many that copy it.

Perilous Adventure with a Tiger.

J. S. BUCKINGHAM, in his "Autobiography," relates an extraordinary adventure he once had with a tiger in India. He had gone to dine some seven or eight miles from Bombay; and having an appointment at home in the morning, and the night being remarkably fine, with a brilliant moon-light, he declined the invitation of his host and hostess to remain with them over night, and set out at ten o'clock, in his palanquin, on his return to Bombay.
"A great portion of the way," he says, "lay over a level plain of some extent; and while we were in the midst of this, the bearers, eight of them, and two musafuls, or lantern-bearers, who carry their lights in the moonlight as well as in the dark, as a matter of etiquette, which it is thought disrespectful to omit, instantly disappeared, scattering in all directions, and each running at his utmost speed. I was perfectly astonished at this sudden halt, and wholly unable to conjecture its cause, and all my calling and remonstrance was in vain. In casting my eyes behind the palanquin, however, I saw, to my horror and dismay, a huge tiger in full career towards me, with his tail almost perpendicular, and with a growl that indicated too distinctly the intense satisfaction with which he anticipated a savory morsel for his hunger. There was not a moment to lose or to deliberate. To get out of the palanquin and try to escape, would be running into the jaws of certain death. To remain within was the only alternative. The palanquin is an oblong box or chest, about six feet long, two feet broad, and two feet high. It has four short legs for resting it on the ground, three or four inches above the soil. Its bottom and sides are flat, and its top is gently convex to carry off the rain. By a pole projecting from the centre of each end the bearers carry it on their shoulders, and the occupant lies stretched on a thin mattress on an open cane bottom, like a couch or bed, with a pillow beneath his head. The mole of entering and leaving the palanquin is through a square opening on each side, which when the sun or rain requires it, may be closed by a sliding door. This is usually composed of a wooden frame, and may be fastened, if needed, by a small brass key and eye. Every thing about the palanquin, however, is made as light as possible, to lessen the labor of the bearers; and there is no part of the paneling or sides more than half an inch thick, if such. All I could do, therefore, was in the shortest possible space of time to close the two sliding doors, and lie along on my back. I had often heard that if you suspended your breath, and put on the semblance of being dead, the most ferocious wild beasts will leave you. I attempted to do this, but my breath as long as possible, and remaining as still as a recombant statue. But I found it of no avail.
"The doors were badly closed before the tiger was alongside, and his snarling and snorting were horrible. He first tried one of the sides with his head, and as there was no resistance on the other, the palanquin went over on its beam ends, and lay perfectly flat, with the cane bottom presented to the tiger's view. Through this and the mattress, heated, no doubt, by my lying on it, the odor of living flesh came out stronger than through the wood, and the snuffing and smelling were repeated with increased strength. I certainly expected every moment that, with a powerful blow of one of his paws, he would break in some part of the paneling, and drag me out for his devouring. But another bolt of his head against the paneling struck it on its convex top, and then it cracked to and fro like a cradle. All this while I was obliged, of course, to turn my body with the evolutions of the palanquin itself; and every time I moved I dreaded that it should provoke some fresh aggression. The beast, however, wanting sagacity, did not use his powerful paw as I expected, and giving it up in despair, set up a hideous howl of disappointment, and slunk off in the direction whence he came.
"I rejoiced, as may be well imagined, at the cessation of all sound and smell to indicate his presence; but it was fully quarter of an hour before I had courage to open a side door, and put my head out to see whether he was gone or not. Happily, he had entirely disappeared, and I was instantly relieved. The next course to be considered was whether I was to get out and walk to Bombay, a distance of four miles, now near midnight, or whether I should a close my doors, and remain where I was. I deemed this the safest plan, and remained accordingly. About half an hour after midnight, all my bearers returned, with several peons, or foot-soldiers, and muskets, pistols, lances, and sabres, enough to kill a dozen tigers; but they were too late to be of any service."

A Sneaking Item.

A SNEAKING ITEM.—A correspondent of the Providence "Journal," writing from Rome, says:
"The government allows several pounds of snuff a year, to each priest, and so the habit of snuff-taking is as common among them as is the disgusting habit of tobacco-chewing among the Americans. I have recently seen a priest take a pinch of snuff as he was kneeling before the altar, and offer for it also to the one by his side. I have seen, in the elegant church of St. Eustachio, in Paris, and often in the churches of Rome, before a Congregation of polite people, a priest, as he was about to deliver his discourse from the pulpit, fill his nose with large quantities of snuff. And last, I have seen the Pope, before the high altar of St. Peter, take snuff as the host was about to be raised by the officiating priest! This might shock the propriety of some among us, but in Europe it is a thing so common as not to excite any surprise.
"The Scriptures give four names to Christians, taken from the four cardinal graces sought for their holiness; believers, for their faith; brethren, for their love; disciples, for their knowledge.

The Young Pedler.

One rainy afternoon, in the earliest part of Autumn, I heard a low knock at my back door, and upon opening it, found a pedler. Now pedlers are "a great vexation to me; they leave the great occupations, never have anything I want, and I don't like the faces that belong to most of them, especially those of the strong men who go about with little packages of coarse goods, and I always close the door upon them, saying to myself, lazy."
"This was a little boy, and he was pale and wet, and looked so cold, I forgot he was a pedler, and asked him to come in, though he expected I was going to buy something, for he commenced opening his tin box, but I had no such intention. He looked upon my face very earnestly and sadly, when I told him to warm himself by the fire, and that I did not wish to purchase anything. He rose slowly from his seat, and there was something in his air which reproached me, and I detained him to enquire why he was out in the rain.
"He replied:
"I am out every day, and can't stay in for a little rain; besides, most pedlers stay at home then, and I can sell more on rainy days."
"How much do you earn in a day?"
"Sometimes two shillings, sometimes one; once in a while I get nothing all day, and then, ma'am, I am very tired."
Here he gave a quick, dry cough, which startled me.
"How long have you had that cough?"
"I don't know, ma'am."
"Does it hurt you?"
"Yes, ma'am."
"Where does your mother live?"
"In heaven, ma'am," said he, unmoved.
"Have you a father?"
"Yes, ma'am, he is with mother," he replied, in the same tone.
"Have you any brothers or sisters?"
"I have a little sister, but she went to mother about a month ago."
"What sister?"
"She wanted to see mother, and so do I, and I guess that's why I cough so."
"Where do you live?"
"With Mrs. Brown, on N— street."
"Does she give you any medicine for your cough?"
"Not doctors' medicine—she is too poor, but she makes something for me to take."
"Will you take something if I give it to you?"
"No, ma'am, I thank you; mother took medicine, and it didn't help her, though she wanted to stay, and you see I want to go; it would not stop my cough. Good day, ma'am."
"Wait a minute," I said, "I want to see what you carry."
He opened his box and for once I found what I wanted. Indeed I didn't think it would have mattered what he had. I should have wanted it, for the little pedler had changed in my eyes—he had a father and mother in heaven, and so had I. How strange that pedlers have never seemed like people—human, soul-filled beings, before. How thankful he was, and how his great, sunken blue eyes looked into mine when I paid him.
"You don't ask me to take a cent less," said he, after hesitating a minute. "I think you must be very rich."
"Oh, no," I replied; "I am far from that; these things are worth more to me now than I gave you for them. Will you come again?"
Yes, ma'am, if I don't go to mother soon."
"Are you hungry?"
"No, ma'am, I never feel hungry now. I sometimes think mother feeds me when I sleep, though I don't remember it when I am awake. I only know I don't wish to eat now, since my sister died."
"Did you feel very sad?"
"I felt very lonely in my throat, and I was choked, but I didn't cry a bit, though I felt very lonely at night for awhile; but I'm glad she's up there now."
"Who told you you were going to die?"
"Nobody, but I know I am. Perhaps I'll go before Christmas."
I could not endure that, and tried to make him stay, but he would run and tell Mrs. Brown what good luck he had met with. He bade me good day again cheerfully, and went out in the cold rain, while I could only say,
"God be with you, my child!"
He never came again, though I looked for him every day. "At length, about New Year's I went to the place he called home. Mrs. Brown was there, but the little Pedler! His weary feet were at rest, and never more would his gentle knock be heard at the doors of those who like myself, forget the necessity and stern want that often attend these wanderers from home, and their employment might be far more usefully to them than annoying to us.

Useful Sympathy.

Referring to the case of a young man named James, who died in Buffalo from the effects of a tooth which had pulled the previous day, the Tribune says his life might easily have been saved by the application of a styptic, and one of the best and most easily obtained is gun-powder. Let it be pulverized and laid upon lint as to get as much as possible in the cavity of the tooth, held in by a wad of lint or cotton. By renewing the application two or three times relief is rendered almost certain.

The Population of the Eastern and Middle States.

The census which is now being taken in several of the Eastern and Middle States, indicates that the emigration to the West and California has checked the great increase of population heretofore apparent in the Atlantic portion especially in the agricultural counties, at many points there is an actual decrease; in others but a slight increase.

Foreigner's Lament.

It is most earnestly to be deplored, says the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, that so few who are here by hand and have American opinions regarding the rabid hatred of Christianity which concomitants, yearly increasing in our population from the continent of Europe. We do not speak of the convicts and paupers that are smuggled into our ports from Genoa, Hamburg, and Trieste; but of the tens of thousands of Germans who from year to year come from provinces of Europe completely paganized, and with whom freedom is synonymous with the downfall of the Kingdom of the Redeemer. We called attention some months ago to the fact, that a large number of Germans who have some of the most enlightened views, disciples of the anarchist school of Feine, according to whose creed, there is no true freedom until Christianity is speedily abolished, viz. until a persecutin by infidels of Christians is instituted, with ends similar to those of Diocletian or Sporo. Washed with the baptism of infidelity, they should be offered in Legislatures; whether the Lord's day should be kept, and religious oaths be maintained. One of the most influential German papers in this city published simultaneously articles warning the better class of Germans, of whom there are so many in our city, against encouraging these excesses. Our remarks were republished in various parts of the United States, and we noted that a good number of our countrymen have been converted to the cause of the Lord's day, and it has filled our hearts with shame to learn how the natural day of that enemy of God, his Saviour, and of his country, has been celebrated. The German language constitutes a barrier which prevents the most of our people from imagining what takes place behind the scenes of that unknown tongue. The Teutonic dialect ensures the existence of the anti-Christian legends, whose numbers are reinforced continually from abroad, as a vast secret Society to whom none can have access who do not go through an arduous and pain-taking apprenticeship of study, which in the end leaves them when initiated, only among the first class of natives. Yet its members are easily naturalized, become as readily as possible citizens of these states, carrying Athens to the polls, and receiving the homage of demagogic politicians to obtain a few miserable suffrages. A few of the "reformers" demanded by the press; another anniversary has occurred, "Freitagener," so they call themselves, who have set up Thomas Paine as their apostle, and who strive to gain strength to revolutionize our government by the establishment of the "free press, free trade, free religion, free abolition of oaths in Congress; abolition of oaths upon the Bible; no more prayers in our Legislatures; abolition of the Christian system of punishment; abolition of the Presidency, of all Senators, of all laws involving expense; the right of people to change the constitution when they like; a reduced term in acquiring citizenship, etc. These things are not sought after as mere shillings, nor are they dreamed with which visionaries amuse themselves, but which do no harm. They are seriously inculcated principles, the Sabbath is abolished, and many minor Societies, to which are affiliated, who are in communication with each other, and act in concert, who are beginning to be felt in every corner of the land, but particularly in the West, where their efforts greatly aided by the growing licentiousness of abolitionism.

Stocking Knitting Machine.

A stocking knitting machine, which was patented in 1851, is now on exhibition in New York. The Mirror says—"A girl ten years old can knit half a dozen pairs of stockings in a day, working the machine by hand or foot. In a factory, with motive power, one person manages a dozen machines, from top to toe, and no nimble fingers of industrious elderly maid, sitting by the hearth corner, could "widen" or "narrow" or "heel" or "toe" more perfectly. The invention is in the hands of a stock company.
EXTRAORDINARY HARVEST.—A letter from Centerville, Indiana, dated July 21st says:
"We have more than a double crop of all kinds of produce in this country this year. I think wheat will range from 50 to 75 cents per bushel this fall. There never was such a prospect. I should not be surprised to see potatoes selling at ten cents per bushel. Yesterday I conversed with a farmer who expects to cut four and a half tons of grass in my garden, of which I think the stock will not be less than sixteen feet high, and more than likely it will be seventeen."
A LARGE FAMILY.—There is a family residing in the neighborhood of York, Pa., three members of which, the father, mother, and oldest son, weigh conjointly 200 pounds and 85-one pounds. The father, 46 years old, weighs 334 lbs.; the mother, 43 years old, weighs 210 lbs.; the son, 18 years old, weighs 207 lbs.
GOOD ADVICE.—An exchange says, "Never punish a girl for being a romp, but thank Heaven that she has health and spirit to be one. It is much better than a distorted spine or hunchback." Girls ought to be great romps—It is better than paying doctor's bills for these.
A trout lately died in Blooming which lived in a garden pond for eighteen years, and was twenty years of age. It was blind of one eye, supposed from old age, and it was so tame that it would come to the side of the pond, and eat out of any one's hand, and allow persons to take it out of the water.
Dr. Cox, speaking of persons who profess to do a great deal for religion, without really possessing any, says they resemble Noah's carpenters, who built a ship in which other people were saved, although they were drowned themselves.

Desperate Fight with Indians in Texas.

Noble Conduct of a Dog.—The following account of a desperate fight with a party of Indians is copied from the San Antonio Ledger:
On Saturday evening, June 30th, some fifteen Indians surrounded the house of Mr. Westfall, who is well known to most of our citizens, and who lives on the Leona, some thirty-five miles below Fort Inge. The attack was made upon Mr. Westfall, who was absent from the house, leaving at the time no occupants in it but a Frenchman, named Louis, and a large dog. It seems the Indians had been lying in wait for some time, and took this opportunity to attack him. Mr. Westfall, however, succeeded in getting back to his house, wounded in a dangerous manner—the ball striking him in the left breast high up, and coming out at his back under the opposite shoulder. He fastened the door, and the Indians then commenced an attack on Louis. Louis and Westfall now exchanged shots with them in rapid succession; but Westfall was fast falling from loss of blood. Louis approached an aperture in the wall in order to make sure aim, and was shot through the heart, fell and expired. The blood streaming from his body, became frantic with rage, and rushing out of a small aperture, sprang among the Indians, seized one and tore every garment from his body, and was on the eve of killing him when he was shot and overpowered by the demons in human form that surrounded him. Poor dog, he has nobly sacrificed his life in defence of his master.
Westfall, overpowered by the loss of blood, could only support himself now by holding to the walls of the house; but nothing daunted, he tore a large aperture in the wall and stuck his gun out, in order to keep up appearances. The Indians, no doubt, thinking they would have a long siege, and many of them being severely wounded, left, taking with them all the horses belonging to the ranch. It was now night, and Westfall remembers crawling to his bed, which was the last consciousness he had until last Sunday evening, when he found himself lying on his bed covered with blood that had come from the wound and from his mouth; but he was not able to come from his bed until Monday, when from the stench of the dead body in the room he found that something must be done. With great effort he succeeded in dragging the body about twenty feet, but could get it no farther. At sunset on Monday evening he started towards Fort Inge for assistance, but succeeded that night in getting only four miles—and on Wednesday evening he arrived at a house in the vicinity of Fort Inge, where he procured assistance and is still alive; and his physician has thought that something might be done.

Franklin Festival.

At the Franklin Festival, recently held in Lowell, the following sentiment was proposed and most heartily responded to by the company:
The Printer—the master of all trades, He beats the farmer with his fast "Hoe," the carpenter with his rule, and the mason in setting up tall chimneys; he surpasses the lawyer and doctor in attending to his case, and beats the parson in the management of the Devil.
The six degrees of crime are defined:—He who steals a million is only a financier. Who steals a half million is only a defaulter. Who steals a quarter of a million is a swindler. Who steals a hundred thousand is a rogue. Who steals fifty thousand is a knave. Who steals ten thousand is a thief. Who steals a pair of boots or a loaf of bread is a scoundrel. Who steals a drop of the deepest dye, and deserves to be lynched.

Until a young man is married, he is tossed about from one degree of ungodliness to another, till his health, strength, and character are completely busted up and done for.

"Talk about your Congress and your Lord's day, there is nothing but the Lord's day invented for the health of the deepest dyer, and deserves to be lynched."
A noble person needs but a plain garment to set him off; a beautiful picture but a simple frame; a great thought in best dressed in simple language. But all these need a spirit of understanding to be appreciated.
The following toast was read at a celebration of the 70th anniversary of our National Independence, at Fayette Springs, in this State:
My Bleeding Country—May she never be Priced again.
"Teddy, my boy, just guess how many cheese there is in the bar, an' faith I'll give ye the whole five."
"Five," said Teddy.
"Arrah, my sowl, bad luck to the man that told yer."

A Young Lady found one day reading a novel was asked by a gentleman how she liked the style.

Reviewing the incidents in her memory, she replied, "The style, the style? Oh sir, I am not come to that yet."
An unmarried friend declared to us, the other day, with an expression of countenance most lugubrious, "I never cared a farthing about getting married, until I attended an old bachelor's funeral."
There are a quarter of a million people in England at work in the different mines to whom the fresh air and the light of the sun is scarcely known.
How few of us realize that as we rise each morning, and commence our avocations, that we are only one day nearer our final home.
Men who cannot reason, resort to precedents, as if there were not more bad precedents as good ones.
A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good natured.
Why is a married man like a candle? Because he sometimes goes out at night when he oughtn't to.
A beautiful face is the finest of all specialties, and the sweetest of all harmonies in the voice of her who loves.
Modesty is the veil covering the gentle heart, and patience holds the world adoring.
Serve every one as much as you can, and compete with no one more than you must.
It is a noble species of revenge to have the power of retaliation and not to exercise it.
A man who is not ashamed of himself, need not be ashamed of his early condition.
He who can suppress a moment's anger may prevent many days of sorrow.
Time, well employed, gives that health and vigor to the soul which health and retirement afford the body.
Rory is a sign that commonly carries its own discovery and punishment.
Glided roofs do not usually keep out sleepless nights.
Happiness can be made quite as well of cheap material as of dear ones.

Immensely Large Sale of Public Lands.

It is stated that the official returns show that 13,825,730 acres of public lands have been sold during the fiscal year ending the 30th ultimo, for which there has been received in cash and scrip the sum of \$10,570,350. This is exclusive of the land located within military bounty land warrants in the same period. The aggregate of public lands now in the hands of the Government to individuals, was never before so large in a single year. Even in the great year of speculation in the public domain, 1836, the whole quantity sold and otherwise alienated was not so great.

Forestallers of Work.

A correspondent of the Boston Traveller gives an account of how they make provisions high in Boston, he says:
To show the public how the prices of food are kept up in our markets, I will state a successful attempt which occurred last week in the article of cucumbers, which is applicable to all other articles. One week ago today a firm in Faneuil Hall Market sent an agent to the outsiders, or farmers, to buy all the cucumbers in this way:
Beginning at the first in the line of wares, he asks, "What do you ask for cucumbers?" "One dollar and fifty cents per hundred," "Save me all you have." To whom you must depend, will not submit much longer to this unprofitable promotion of men or women, who have nothing more than a little playability, and unbounded pride and ambition, men who in the first instance, say you wish nothing more than the honor of serving so glorious a cause as volunteers; the next day solicit rank without pay; the day following want money advanced to them, and in the course of a week, want further promotion.
I do not mean to say that there are not a single foreman among us except the Marquis de Lafayette, who sets upon very different principles from those which govern the rest.
[Sparks, Vol. VI, p. 13.]
Washington said that the foreign officers were a burden upon them; that they had nothing but a little plausibility and unbounded pride and ambition, and that he wished the Americans had not one of them among them. So far from considering that foreign officers were useful to the Americans, and essential to the success of the American Revolution, Washington devoutly wished there was only one foreigner among the Americans.
If such were the opinions about foreign officers held by George Washington during the war of the Revolution, it was not very probable that he would think otherwise after the independence of the country had been gained. It has been asserted that the founders of the American Republic invited foreigners into this country.
Below is an opinion about emigration, expressed by General Washington during his Presidency:
PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 17, 1794.
To John Adams, Vice President of the U. S.
Dear Sir—It is my opinion, with respect to immigration, is that, except of useful mechanics, and some particular occupations of men and professions, there is no need of encouragement.
I am, &c.
Washington held the opinion that foreigners should not be employed in either civil or military offices when it can be avoided.
MOUNT VERNON, Jan. 29, 1795.
To John Adams, Vice President of the U. S.
You know my good sense, that it is not the policy of this country to employ foreigners, when it can be well avoided, either in the civil or military walks of life. There is a species of self-importance in all foreign officers, that cannot be gratified without doing injustice to meritorious characters, among our own citizens, who conceive justly, that they are entitled to the occupancy of all the offices in the gift of their government.
G. WASHINGTON.
Below we publish a declaration of Washington that, in the most limited space, condenses the principles of a great party, and in brevity, correctness, and wisdom, not excelled by any one of the speeches of the distinguished statesman, who founded the great Republic. It is a reply of Washington to a foreigner, who had

Washington's Opinions of Foreigners.

The Democratic Press has repeatedly asserted that George Washington was a friend to foreigners, and that he declared that they should be admitted to all the rights and privileges of American citizens. A German paper published in this city, called the "Freih's Freund," asserted some time ago that foreigners, German officers, gave great assistance to Washington during the war of the Revolution, and that he had quite fully acknowledged the importance of their services. It has been asserted by foreigners, and their friends, that the United States were indebted to them for their independence; that the assistance of foreigners was essential to the success of the American Revolution. We will publish some authentic opinions of General Washington about foreigners, extracted from the work of Mr. Sparks, which contains the Life and Writings of George Washington. We trust that our friends of the American Party will not only read them, but give them a general circulation. We first publish an opinion of Washington about the patriotism, spirit and modesty of foreign officers:
MOUNT VERNON, 17th May, 1777.
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I am, &c.
G. WASHINGTON.
[Sparks, Vol. IV, p. 432.]
We hope that the "Freih's Freund" will republish the above opinion of Washington; to wit; that the foreign officers had no attachment to the country; and undeniable impudence!
Below is an opinion of "Washington about the propriety of appointing a foreigner to manage an important department in the American Army."
MIDDLEBURY, June 1, 1777.
To Richard Henry Lee:
You will, before this can reach you, have seen some of the papers, which speak of a promotion as I know not, but I fear if his disappointment is equal to what I have been told of his expectation, it will be attended with unhappy consequences, to say nothing of the policy of entrusting the management of the army department, which is the life of the army depends, to a foreigner, who has no other tie to his duty, than the interest of the country than honor.
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[Sparks, Vol. IV, p. 446.]
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To Gov. Morris:
Dear Sir—The design of this is to touch cursorily upon a subject of very great importance to the well being of these States. I mean the appointment of so many foreigners to offices of high rank and trust in our army. The laudable manner in which such has hitherto been bestowed upon these gentlemen will certainly be productive of one or the other of these two evils, either to make us despicable in the eyes of Europe, or become a means of pouring them upon us as like a torrent, and adding to our present burden. I wish you would consider, in whom you must depend, will not submit much longer to this unprofitable promotion of men or women, who have nothing more than a little playability, and unbounded pride and ambition, men who in the first instance, say you wish nothing more than the honor of serving so glorious a cause as volunteers; the next day solicit rank without pay; the day following want money advanced to them, and in the course of a week, want further promotion.
I do not mean to say that there are not a single foreman among us except the Marquis de Lafayette, who sets upon very different principles from those which govern the rest.
[Sparks, Vol. VI, p. 13.]
Washington said that the foreign officers were a burden upon them; that they had nothing but a little plausibility and unbounded pride and ambition, and that he wished the Americans had not one of them among them. So far from considering that foreign officers were useful to the Americans, and essential to the success of the American Revolution, Washington devoutly wished there was only one foreigner among the Americans.
If such were the opinions about foreign officers held by George Washington during the war of the Revolution, it was not very probable that he would think otherwise after the independence of the country had been gained. It has been asserted that the founders of the American Republic invited foreigners into this country.
Below is an opinion about emigration, expressed by General Washington during his Presidency:
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To John Adams, Vice President of the U. S.
Dear Sir—It is my opinion, with respect to immigration, is that, except of useful mechanics, and some particular occupations of men and professions, there is no need of encouragement.
I am, &c.
Washington held the opinion that foreigners should not be employed in either civil or military offices when it can be avoided.
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To John Adams, Vice President of the U. S.
You know my good sense, that it is not the policy of this country to employ foreigners, when it can be well avoided, either in the civil or military walks of life. There is a species of self-importance in all foreign officers, that cannot be gratified without doing injustice to meritorious characters, among our own citizens, who conceive justly, that they are entitled to the occupancy of all the offices in the gift of their government.
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Below we publish a declaration of Washington that, in the most limited space, condenses the principles of a great party, and in brevity, correctness, and wisdom, not excelled by any one of the speeches of the distinguished statesman, who founded the great Republic. It is a reply of Washington to a foreigner, who had

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